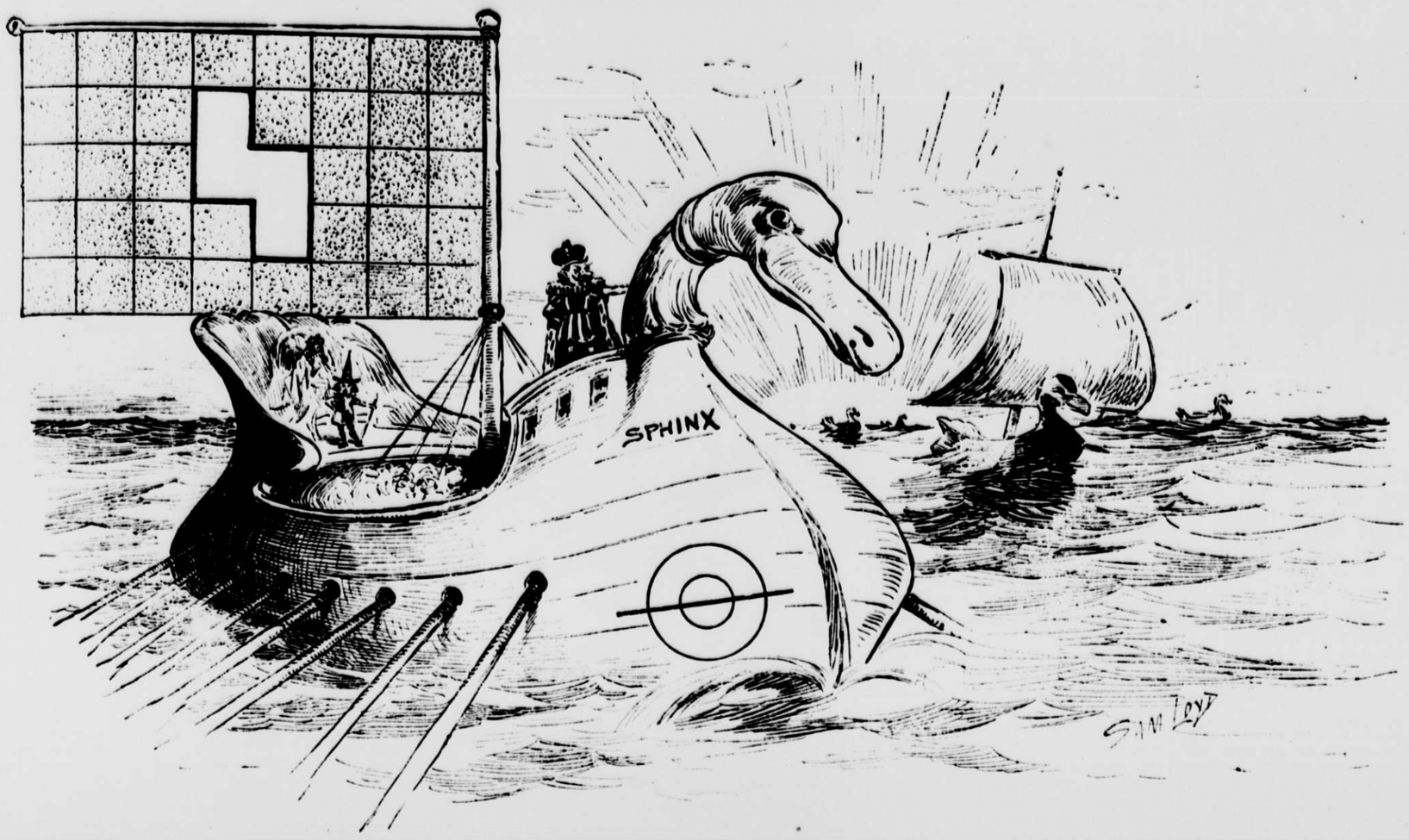
# THE ROYAL EMBLEM OF PUZZLELAND




Here comes the good bark Sphinx, just cleared from Puzzleland, under command of King Puzzlepate, and laden with a big cargo of puzzles for SUNDAY SUN readers. Everything about the big ship pertains to puzzles, tricks and riddles. Even that checkerboard flag involves a neat little puzzle. You see it was originally a large 6x6 square made up of 36 little squares. Then the captain deftly cut it into two pieces and rearranged it into the flag as shown, with that space of four vacant squares in the centre through which the wind could blow. Now, see if you can cut out the flag or make a tracing of same and then divide it into two parts which may be fitted together to reconstruct a 6x6 square.

There is another puzzle in sight, concerning that Plimsoll Mark on the bow. The captain claims to have drawn that design of two circles crossed by a line with a continuous stroke of his brush, which means that there were no crossings. Can you solve the captain's puzzle by reproducing the design with a continuous line which does not cross at any point?

Puzzle solving is a contest of skill. Young people learn valuable principles in mathematics and other studies through puzzles and to encourage this helpful pastime and as a reward for cleverness THE SUNDAY SUN offers one prize of $5 in cash for the best correct answers to the two puzzles. "Best" means not only correct solutions but best expressed answer, not exceeding 200 words, telling how the solutions were arrived at. The only conditions are that answers shall be received in The Sun office on or before midnight, January 5, 1914. Address Puzzle Department, THE SUNDAY SUN, New York. All letters will be carefully examined and the decision of the Puzzle Editor must be accepted as final. The question of "time of receipt" of letters is not taken into consideration, so long as they are in The Sun office before time and date mentioned.

This contest is open to all, whether they are subscribers to THE SUN or not. The answers to the two puzzles will appear in THE SUN of SUNDAY, JANUARY 18, 1914, and the name of the winner of the five dollar prize announced.

# Youthful Confederate Rangers Who Captured Two Union Generals

"MY lad, that was a carnival of youth," said an old General to a boy who had asked him about his adventures in the civil war, a contest from which his age had excluded him.

For no part of the forces on either side was the civil war more truly a carnival of youth than for the bands of independent Confederate rangers operating in Virginia and West Virginia, and of these bands none saw more of the wild romance of war than the little company of youths, never more than 150 in number, commanded by Capt. John Hanson McNeill, some of them mere boys of 18 or 19, few much above 20, and nearly all Virginians or Marylanders of the counties on either side of the Potomac and its forks.

McNeill, a West Virginian by birth, was a Whig and Union man in Missouri until the war broke out, when he raised a cavalry regiment to help take the State into the Confederacy. Before the close of 1861 he was captured, but he and his son Jesse escaped on their way to the military prison at Alton, Ill., and soon after turned up in Hardy county, West Virginia, his old home. Here in the beautiful South Branch Valley he recruited his band of partisan rangers under special commission from the Confederate authorities at Richmond.

McNeill's men lived in the saddle. They carried little baggage, commonly slept under the stars, knew every mountain trail and safe hiding place in half a dozen counties and were welcome to a hundred hospitable Virginia homes. They sometimes took wild risks to be present at a country dance almost within the enemy's lines, and many a man of them had tales to tell of his own escape from capture through the ingenuity and coolness of girls who are now staid grandmothers.

Much of the time McNeill's men operated in bands of less than one hundred and sometimes half a dozen men would be sent off independently upon some errand of danger. McNeill insisted that he was no guerrilla and made his men wear uniforms on their expeditions. He was merciful to prisoners captured in uniform, but "lost" was sometimes the grimly significant report of his men touching the Union "swamp dragons" captured in citizen's clothes. It was the fate of McNeill himself to die of a shot fired by one of his own men in revenge, but he was cheered on his deathbed by the loyalty of another trooper who had deserted and joined Custer's command. This deserter, Simon Miller, was taken by Custer to the house where it was suspected McNeill lay sorely wounded. Custer and Miller looked down upon the dying leader and McNeill's keen eye fixed that of his old trooper. Miller coolly denied his former commander and McNeill was left to die in peace.

"I knew," he said, "that Simon would not betray me the minute I caught his eye."

McNeill's business was to harry the enemy before and after great battles, not to take part in such engagements, to furnish provisions for the larger Confederate commands by capturing the cattle of the Union armies, and now and then to catch a considerable Union force unprepared for action, and carry off hundreds of prisoners or officers of high rank. With thirty-six men McNeill captured Gen. Robert H. Milroy's wagon train from a demoralized force of 4,500 Union troops. Near Moorefield, with less than a hundred men he surprised and captured Major Key's camp of 500.

At Piedmont, Va., with sixty men he made prisoners of a whole regiment, the men of which by some stupidity had been shipped by rail with empty muskets and not a single cartridge. Here McNeill destroyed $1,000,000 worth of Union military stores. With a small force he captured Gen. Mulligan's wagon train and 245 horses.

The most notable exploit of the partisan rangers came, however, after McNeill's death had turned the command over to his son Jesse, when sixty-five of these troopers entered Cumberland, Md., in the presence of 7,000 Union troops, and captured Major-Gen. George Crook and Major-Gen. Benjamin F. Kelley as they slept in their beds.

Early in February, 1865, McNeill's men were humiliated at the news that a part of the First Connecticut Cavalry had raided the South Branch Valley, which was regarded as peculiarly McNeill's country, and captured the famous Confederate partisan commander, Major Harry Gilmore, as he slept at the house of his cousin, Mr. Randolph. They decided that this raid should be avenged and, if possible, in kind.

Jesse McNeill was then laid up after a fall from his horse, but a council of war was held in his bedroom and he announced that two Major-Generals should be captured in return for the capture of Major Gilmore. John B. Fay, who afterward edited a country newspaper in Oakland, Md., was called from picket duty into the council of war. Fay had once proposed a raid into Cumberland for the capture of Gen. Kelley. McNeill, who feared that Early would send in a man to take command over his head and wished to do something spectacular, now asked Fay whether he thought the raid could be made and Crook as well as Kelley captured. Fay was game for the undertaking and McNeill sent him off that very night with twenty-five men to look over the ground.

Fay and his little command crossed the Potomac five miles west of Cumberland, and Fay went to the cabin of a man named George Scranton employed by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, who had often served the Confederate cause with important information, and had sheltered Confederate scouts on dangerous errands in the edge of Maryland. Scranton told him just where the Generals were to be found and how ill protected they were in their supposed security from such a raid as Fay was planning. Before daybreak the partisans reforded the Potomac, and Fay sent a favorable report to Jesse McNeill.

In accordance with Fay's report McNeill appeared a day or two later with sixty-five men at the house of Vance Herriott, near Romney in Hampshire county, W. Va., and less than twenty-five miles from Cumberland. Horses and men then and there had their last full meal for twenty-four hours, and at midnight the command set out along the Cressaptown road toward Cumberland.

At the mouth of a little ravine bearing a stream to the Potomac, and near a water station of the Baltimore and Ohio, the Confederates encountered the first Union picket. McNeill and three of his aids riding in advance were challenged. They replied that they were a detachment of Pennsylvania cavalry from New Creek. At the order that one dismount, come forward and give the countersign, McNeill spurred on and endangered the success of the expedition by firing his pistol almost in the sentry's face. The sentry was captured before he could reply with his carbine, and his two companions, lying near by in front of a little fire, were captured after a short chase.

The countersign for the night, "Bull's Gap," was extorted from the prisoners, and the command moved on to the next picket, stationed on the road about a mile from Cumberland. Here were five men on duty quartered under a shed by a fire. At the noise of the approaching command, one of them stepped forward with his rifle levelled and demanded the countersign. The leaders halted, and as the rest of the rangers came up McNeill called out coolly, "Don't crowd, men; wait till some one dismounts and gives the countersign." The next moment the picket in advance was covered by three or four pistols, and before his companions realized what had happened they were in the hands of the Confederates.

Not a shot had been fired and the way to Cumberland was now open, for the third picket had been eluded. The Confederates entered the town by Green street and turned into Baltimore Street, the chief thoroughfare. The men rode carelessly, as if at home, sang Union songs and cracked jokes with one another. Some wore blue overcoats and others concealed their Confederate gray beneath their blankets.

Joseph Kuykendall, one of Jubal Early's scouts, who had been with him on his raid almost to the suburbs of Washington in 1864, took part of the command to capture General Kelley. Sergeant Vandiver was sent to Dailey's hotel, the St. Nicholas, to seize General Crook. One of the latter party was the hotel keeper's son, Jim Dailey. Crook was at that moment engaged to marry Jim's sister. Kelley was at the Barnum House hard by.

The sentinel in front of the St. Nicholas Hotel was captured before he could fire his rifle, and the guard within was quickly overpowered. One of the Confederates, misdirected, woke Major Thayer Melvin, thinking he was General Kelley, but the unsuspicious Major told him where to find the General, and the latter was waked in the dark by a voice which said: "General, you're my prisoner." General Kelley saw that there was nothing to do but dress and go along with his captors. They helped him with his toilet and quickly escorted him to the street.

At the Barnum House the guard again was captured without a shot on either side. General Crook tried to rise when the armed Confederates entered his room, and Vandiver called upon him to surrender, adding, "I am General Rosser, and we have surprised the town and the garrison." Crook accepted this for gossip and Vandiver's resemblance to General Rosser made it easier to believe.

McNeill had taken the precaution to cut the telegraph wires leading into Cumberland and one of his troopers had captured the sleepy operator on duty and smashed the instrument. The headquarters flags were also captured as trophies. McNeill had the coolness on his way out of town to stop at the Government stables and take a number of good horses, among them General Kelley's war horse Phillipi. When the retreating Confederates were clear of the town and going at a sharp trot they were challenged by a sentinel, but the countersign, "Bull's Gap," given in due form, cleared the way, and the command swept on with its prisoners toward the Confederacy.

The Confederates had not been gone more than half an hour when Cumberland was buzzing. Col. James C. Lynn with a body of cavalry was early in pursuit of McNeill, but he lost the trail at the end of thirty miles, and turned back. The Confederates rode sixty miles without a halt of more than an instant, and neither horses nor men ate more than a few mouthfuls in all that wild retreat. The whole expedition had been accomplished without the loss of a horse or a man.

The two Generals took their hard ride and harder luck in excellent spirit and were treated with high consideration by their captors. Gen. Crook owned that the thing that hit him hardest was to be captured in bed just two hours before the time when he was to start for Winchester, there to join Sheridan.

Crook and Kelley were rapidly passed along till they reached Staunton, Va., where they found a hearty welcome from old companions in arms serving with the Confederacy. Both were exchanged in time for Crook to see the surrender of Lee at Appomattox two months later.

McNeill's Partisan Rangers, to which organization several hundred men had belonged at one time or another, melted after the war into the general body of civilians, and those hard riders, hard swearers and hard fighters became simple grocers, grave physicians and the like. One turned Methodist preacher, a profession to which the elder McNeill had aspired.

Curiously enough one young Marylander of the band, the bearer of a distinguished name, did not quite realize that the war was over after Lee's surrender. On his way back home to Harford county he met an old neighbor on the road, the local butcher, held him up at the point of the pistol and demanded his money. The astonished butcher looked at the reckless lad incredulously and tremblingly exclaimed, calling him by a familiar abbreviation of his Christian name:

"Why, Manny, you wouldn't rob me, would you?"

The youth was inexorable, but when the butcher complained to the ex-Confederate's respectable father the money was paid back and the affair hushed up.

# TRADITIONS OF THE MISTLETOE

Under the Mistletoe.

WE decorate our homes with sprays of mistletoe at Christmas time, but few of us know the history of it as a Yuletide symbol. Pretty girls are kissed under it and a great deal of fun and nonsense is carried on apropos of it, but no one stops to think of how ancient a decoration it is or how sacred it was once thought to be.

Almost everybody has a vague knowledge that the Druids of old had something to do with the gathering of mistletoe, but just what that something was is not clear to the average mind.

The fact is that the ancient Celts in their druidical religion had two great festivals, one in June and the other in December, the latter being equivalent to our Christmas. In both of these great festivals the gathering of the mistletoe was a sacred rite.

Pliny in his Natural History describes the ceremony. Speaking of the Druids' worship of the oak, he says: "They believe that whatever grows on these trees is sent from heaven and is a sign that the tree has been chosen by the god himself. The mistletoe is very rarely to be met with, but when it is found they gather it with solemn ceremony. This they do especially on the sixth day of the moon, because by the sixth day the moon has plenty of vigor and has not run half its course.

"After the preparations have been made for a sacrifice and a feast under the tree they hail it as the universal healer and bring to the spot two white bulls whose horns have never been bound before. A priest clad in a white robe climbs the tree and with a golden sickle cuts the mistletoe, which is caught in a white cloth. Then they sacrifice the victims, praying that God may make His own gift to prosper with those upon whom He has bestowed it.

"They believe that a potion prepared from mistletoe will increase their flocks and that the plant is a remedy against all poisons."

It was believed to be a remedy for many ills, and this belief is still to be found in many remote places in Europe. In Holstein, for example, the mistletoe is regarded as a healing plant for wounds, and in Lacaune, France, it is always administered by the people as an antidote for poisons. They apply the plant to the wound of the patient and give him a decoction of it to drink as well. The Gaelic name for mistletoe is "an t'all loc," which means all healer, and this is probably what the Druids called it in their sacred rites.

In the northeast of Scotland people used to cut withes of mistletoe at the time of full moon; these they bent in circles and kept for a year to cure headaches and other troubles. In some parts of Germany the mistletoe is especially esteemed as a remedy for the ailments of children, who sometimes wear it hung around the neck as an amulet.

In Sweden on Midsummer eve mistletoe is diligently sought after, the people believing it to be possessed of many mystic qualities, and that if a sprig of it is attached to the ceiling of the dwelling house, the horse's stall or the cow's crib, the trolls will then be powerless to injure either man or beast. Branches of the plant are commonly seen in farmhouses hanging from the ceiling to protect the dwellings from all harm, but especially from fire, and persons afflicted with the falling sickness think they can ward off all attacks of the malady by carrying about with them a knife which has a handle of mistletoe.

A Swedish remedy for other complaints is to hang a sprig of mistletoe round the sufferer's neck or to make him wear on his finger a ring made from the plant. Moreover they fashion divining rods of mistletoe or of four different kinds of wood, one of which must be mistletoe. The treasure seeker places the rod on the ground after sundown, and when it rests directly over the treasure the rod begins to move as if it were alive.

Like their Swedish neighbors, many German peasants consider the mistletoe a powerful charm against evil spirits. A similar belief seems to have lingered among the Romans, whose religion at a very early date was somewhat similar to that of the Druids. When Æneas descended into Hades he gathered to protect himself from the infernal powers a branch of mistletoe, which Vergil calls the golden bough.



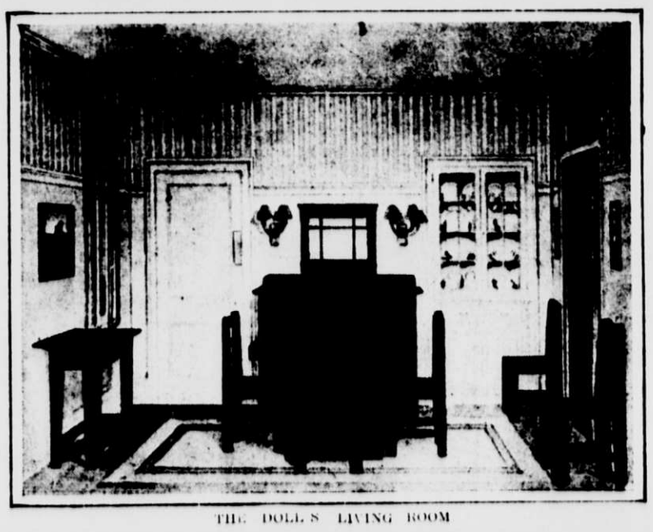
# Last Opportunity to Obtain a Sunday Sun Lettie Lane Doll House

This is the last time a SUNDAY SUN Doll House Coupon is offered to you, so if you have not taken advantage of the opportunity to obtain this useful and beautiful Christmas gift for your daughter do so now. The accompanying illustration really gives little idea of the beauty of its interior. A complete set of movable furniture and a beautiful jointed bisque doll go with the Doll House. The doll is daintily dressed and wears a braided straw hat. The House is 18 inches wide, and it stands 17 inches high when put up and pasted according to the easily followed directions which accompany it. The front and back of the house slip on and off so that the little lady can go in and out of the rooms.

The furniture is movable at the will of the owner. In a word, from the Shasta daisies on the terrace to every one of the appropriately decorated rooms the house is all ready for housekeeping.

On account of the limited number of these Dainty Doll Houses available this is the LAST OPPORTUNITY OFFERED to SUNDAY SUN readers who follow the directions on the accompanying coupon.

**No Orders Will Be Filled After December 31st**



THE DOLL'S LIVING ROOM

## SUNDAY SUN DOLL HOUSE COUPON

*On presentation or receipt of this coupon and 50 cents The Sunday Sun will give or send by parcel post, to any address within 300 miles of New York City, one Lettie Lane's Doll House. Orders for Canada, European Countries or South America, 50 cents extra to cover postage. Parcel post deliveries outside of 300 miles subject to parcel post postage rate. This is the last coupon to appear and all orders must reach The Sun office not later than December 31st.*

Doll House Department,
The Sunday Sun, 170 Nassau Street, New York City:

Please forward to below address ONE Lettie Lane's Doll House:

Name.....

Address.....

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*Remittances in checks, post office or express money orders should be made payable to "The Sun." When stamps are used please send those of 2 cent denomination.*